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Choice Poetry.

THE MOUNTAINS.

[The following verses were written by the late Miss GERTRUDE GREENWOOD, who died, it is said, from over-study.]

Down in a peaceful valley,
Where the wandering river strays
'Mid the rocks, the hills, and the mountains,
We are spending our school-girl days;
And wondrous is the picture
That opens to our eyes,
And stretches to the boundaries
Of the over-arching skies.

Off in the dim, dim distance,
The chains of mountains stand;
And we call them the land of Beulah—
An unseen, mysterious land.
We know not what 'tis beyond them,
And picture to fancy's eye,
A fairy land of promise,
Under a cloudless sky.

When the weary tasks are ended,
And the long day draws to a close,
How oft to our tired spirits
Have the mountains brought repose!
How calm they look in the distance,
How peacefully they lie,
Sloping down to the river,
Painting up to the sky.

The beautiful, beautiful mountains—
They are held in the hand of God,
And shall speak when our many voices
Are hidden beneath the sod.
Our lessons will soon be ended,
And our parting hour will come,
When we bid farewell, as school-girls,
To our beautiful mountain home.

But above the mountain's summit,
Beyond the glorious sky,
Some time we shall come to a country
In the light of God most high;
We shall leave behind the sorrows
That shall come with our passing years,
And the hand that guarded our earthly lives,
Shall wipe away our tears.

We shall pass from these earthly mansions,
To the realm of life above,
From the weakness of earthly affection,
To the fullness of Jesus' love;
And the feet so oft grown weary,
That the earthly mountains trod,
Shall never grow weary or falter,
On the eternal hills of God.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Two children are watching for Winter:
The one with a quivering dread,
And a puzzled thought in her little heart,
Of why, if the sparrows are fed
By a Fatherly hand, she must always beg
In the cold for her daily bread!

And why she might never nestle
By the fire in the glowing grates,
That she sees through the cheerful window-panes,
As she passes the closed gates,
But must live in a cellar cold and damp,
And eat of the food she hates!

The other, a rich man's darling,
With a bright and pleasant eye,
Well clad in her fur-lined cloak and hood,
And watching the murky sky,
Waiting to see the snow-flakes whirl
In their merry dance on high.

She loves the beautiful Winter,
The frozen lake and stream,
Where, gliding o'er the surface bright,
Her polished skates will gleam;
And her thoughts, when even at work or play,
Is how short the Winters seem!

Two little ones, far asunder
As the East is from the West,
Yet the children of one great Father—
A mystery, at the best;
For we only see the beginning,
While He knoweth all the rest!

Select Story.

A LUCKY SOVEREIGN.

They made a strikingly contrasting picture, standing in the warm June twilight, and the fragrant odor of the roses and the budding grape vines lingered around them as if the tender scents were fitting tributes to them.

Two fair young girls, the same age to an hour, and unlike as sisters could be, and each a perfect type of her own style of loveliness—both of them peeresses in their royal dower of beauty.

Rose stood leaning against the railing of the veranda, her haughty eyes, that could melt from the cool, brilliant gray they now looked, into such liquid darkness when occasion required—splendid, calm, cool eyes—were gleaming away out into the gathering dust that was falling in a purple-gray veil of tissue over wood and lawn.

She turned her face toward her companion. Her eyes suddenly called in their wandering, listless glances, and showing a half-vexed, half-amused expression.

"Belle, how much longer are we going to stay here—at least, how much longer do you want to stop? I am sure I shall die of ennui, if I have much more of it."

"Oh, don't think of going back to town, yet, Rose. I wish we might never have to go."

"Never go back? Why, Belle, is it possible you are so infatuated with the country as to actually wish that? Child, for three months it is all very well to bury one's self as we are buried, and I've no doubt mamma will feel much better and stronger for it; but to stay longer in a hired cottage, with only one half-grown girl to assist in the work, and no amusements of any sort, and our joint stock of earnings exhausting itself daily—I tell you, Belle, I prefer our own suite of rooms at home, and my music scholars, and your book-keeping, with a chance of occasional enjoyments."

"I dare say you are right, dear. But I do love the country."

"So would I if, for instance, I lived in the mansion over yonder—Fernley Court, you know—where the stately housekeeper showed us through, and descanted on the many qualities and vast wealth of its owner. I forgot to tell you, Belle, that there will be a grand reception given a week after he gets back, and he is expected hourly."

Belle lifted her eyes in a graceful little gesture of surprise.

"A reception? Oh, Rose! and of course there will be a dance. Oh, dear, how I'd like to go!"

"Of course you'd like to go. But do you think for a moment that the aristocratic families around here would condescend to associate with us?"

Belle's face grew stern.

"Why not? We are ladies born and bred, if we do work for a living."

"You foolish child. I can tell you our faces and our handsome dresses—if we had them—would take us where our family name would not. And, I can tell you something else, Belle—"

The little gate at the roadside opened at that instant, and the sound of lagging footsteps coming toward the house, interrupted Rose's remark, and then a dusty, travel-stained man paused at the foot of the steps, and touched his dingy hat-rim to the girls.

He was evidently one of the many respectable, discouraged, disheartened men one so often sees tramping through the country in search of work.

Rose drew herself up.

"Go away. We have nothing for you. We don't encourage tramps here."

He touched his hat—the rim was decidedly battered and dusty.

"I beg your pardon, ladies; but if you will give me a—"

Rose swept across the floor angrily.

"Will you march off, or will I have the dog set on you? Belle, go tell Jane to unfasten Rover."

The man turned away slowly, as if to move with an effort, and Belle sprung up in an impulse of remonstrative protest.

"Rose, how can you be so heartless? He is as pale as death, and only see how he drags himself along. You might have let him sit down a minute, and at least have given him a kind word and a piece of bread and butter."

A contemptuous laugh pealed from Rose's red lips.

"Tired and ill! Drunk and a thief, you'd better say! A piece of bread and butter! Absurd, Belle!"

Belle raised her finger warningly.

"Oh, Rose, don't; he'll hear you."

Rose raised her voice a key higher.

"Let him hear, then! Perhaps you had better sit and watch that he does not faint and fall."

She swept haughtily into the house, leaving Belle with her cheeks flushing, and a compassion born of the sweet womanly sympathy glowing in her deep blue eyes, as she watched the man walk slowly, painfully along, and finally halt at the gate, as if in utter discouragement at the long stretch of road between him and the next house, where he might find what Rose had rudely denied—the magnificent country seat of Lionel Granville, from whose doors no beggar was ever turned away hungry.

Belle saw him, and her quick instincts told her what she imagined his manner meant.

Quick as a bird, she dashed up stairs to her room, and snatching her portemonnaie from the bureau drawer, and was down again, with a sovereign in her hand, as she ran swiftly after him, still leaning against the gate-post, and still looking with that same strange expression on his pale face at the towers of Fernley Court.

"Here, please. It isn't much, but it's all I have to spare. Take it, please."

He looked surprisedly at her, and then at the money.

"You are very kind, but you are mistaken. I only want a—"

Belle thrust the money in his hand.

"Never mind, please. I think I can see you are proud; but please take it. There!"

He seemed amused at her eagerness, but made no more ado about accepting the gift and pocketing it, as he stood and watched her slim figure flitting away like a spirit in the dust.

The next day, Rose came into Belle's room, radiant as she only permitted herself to be under rare circumstances, her gray eyes flashing, and her red lips parted in a smile of triumphant delight.

"Belle, see this! Now, what do you say?"

She laid a square monogrammed envelope in the girl's lap, addressed to the Misses Melton, and bearing inside invitations to the reception at Fernley Court for a fortnight from that night.

Rose watched the sweet girl's face glow under the surprise, then saw, to her amazement, the flush of delight fade.

"Well, Belle, of course we'll go. I'll take some money I can spare, and get some suisse, and wear natural flowers with it; and I know you have a sovereign laid away for an emergency. You can get a good many things with it—gloves and sashes, you know—and who knows but what Lionel Granville may be captivated?"

Belle laid the envelope softly down.

"I can't go, dear, unless I wear my old white muslin, which will look wretched beside your new suisse. I've spent my money."

Rose frowned.

"Spent your money? Why, I saw it yesterday morning in your drawer. I noticed that the edge of the sovereign was a little chipped, and remember wondering if it was good or not. Spent your money! Belle, what do you mean?"

Belle met the vexed eyes as calmly as she could. She was just a little in awe of this magnificent sister of hers.

"I gave it to that poor man last night, Rose. I was so sorry. I am sure he wasn't the sort of man to talk as you did. I know he deserved the money."

Rose sat down and folded her hands in icy wrath.

"Give a sovereign to a tramp—a beggar? Well, if it doesn't pass my comprehension!"

Rose swept out of the room—she was like a duchess in her movements—and poor Belle went on with her sewing, wondering if her old white muslin wouldn't look pretty well if it was nicely got up, thinking that there was a sea-green silk sash somewhere, she had never worn; and a pair of white kids at home that Rose could go for when she went to buy her suisse. So, while her busy, deft fingers sewed through the summer days on Rose's airy dress, little Belle decided she would go, after all, and wear her fresh white dress, and tea-roses in her golden tresses, and the sea-green sash knotted on her skirt—a simple, exquisite toilet, that made a very Undine of her, that made people turn their heads for more than a second or third look when she and Rose entered the magnificent ball-room.

It was perfectly delightful every way. Mr. Granville possessed none but high-bred, intelligent friends, and the Misses Melton were treated accordingly.

The music was heavenly, and from her seat where she sat like a queen in state, Rose watched the handsome host, who had bowed low over her hand when he was introduced—watched him, as, in his quiet, self-possessed manner, he went among his guests.

Her heart was beating; would he, oh! would he ask her for the first dance, or would he go among the groups of stylish ladies from the city, any of whom would be so honored by his attention?

And then Rose saw Mr. Granville go straight across the room, right by her, and bow slowly to Belle as he said a few words, and offered his arm.

Belle! Belle to lead the grand quadrille! Belle, on Lionel Granville's arm, the observed of all observers—as fair as a sea nymph, and so graceful, so sweetly unconcious of her radiant beauty?

Rose sat gloomily through the first quadrille, and watched Lionel's pale, handsome face as he bent it over Belle's golden curls, his ardent, admiring eyes, that looked so eagerly into the sweet, girlish face, that others beside Rose noted his attention.

Then the dance over, Lionel gave Belle his arm.

"That has been a delightful quadrille, Miss Melton. By the way, did you know I have something that belongs to you?"

They had reached Rose's chair by this time, and Belle turned laughingly to him.

"Something of mine! I do not see how that can be, Mr. Granville. Do you, Rose?"

Rose favored him with her most fascinating smile.

"Indeed I do not, seeing that this is the first time we ever saw Mr. Granville."

He smiled in Belle's eyes.

"I'll leave you to fathom the mystery. Don't forget the first waltz for me, Miss Belle."

He went away, so handsome, so courtly, and Belle's foolish little heart was throbbing with new, vague delight, while Rose was almost suffocating with envy at the signal triumph of her sister. Mr. Granville came promptly for his waltz.

He drew her hand through his almost authoritatively.

"Miss Belle, it seems I have always known you, yet you say you never saw me before. Suppose we take a walk through the conservatory, instead of having this waltz?"

Into the fragrant semi-dusk they went, where fountains tinkled and rare flowers bloomed, and the music came in veiled sweetness and richness.

"I want you to be sure I am right, Miss Belle, when I say I have something of yours. Look at me closely. Have you never seen me before?"

He bent his face near hers. It was gravely smiling, and so tender and good, and Belle looked timidly at the smiling yet stern eyes.

"I am sure I never saw you before, Mr. Granville."

He drew from his vest pocket a sovereign—the very one, with a tiny bit chipped off of it, that Belle had given the tramp.

"Don't you understand, dear child? I had taken a freak into my head that I would walk from town here, and it was a grand walk, although it took three days, and ruined my clothes. I stopped at your little cottage to beg a glass of water. You know the rest."

Belle's face was a marvel at that moment.

"In your kindness and goodness, you gave it to me, Miss Belle, and the little act gave me an insight into your heart that a year of ordinary intercourse would never do. I shall keep it until you buy it back. I have set a price on it, and if ever you are ready to give it, you can have it."

He put the money reverently away in his breast pocket, and took her out among the crowd again, a strangely happy girl.

And before the summer roses had faded, Belle paid the price for the chipped sovereign—her own heart—that Lionel Granville had pleaded for so eagerly.

She is the mistress of their grand house now, and Rose visits her once a year, not oftener, because Belle's husband don't care much for her.

But the invalid mother has a life-long home, amid the luxuries of Fernley Court, and Belle is happier than the birds that sing in the trees in the big old park.

Miscellany.

INDIAN SUMMER.

When the hunter's moon is waning,
And hangs like a crimson bow,
And the frosty fields of morning
Are white with a phantom snow,
Who, then, is the beautiful spirit
That wandering smiles and grieves
Along the desolate hill-sides,
And over the drifted leaves!

She has strayed from the far-off dwelling
Of forgotten Indian braves,
And stolen wistfully earthward,
Over the path of graves;
She has left the cloudy gateway
Of the hunting-grounds ajar,
To follow the trail of the Summer
Toward the morning star!

There's a rustle of soft, slow footsteps,
The toss of a purple plume,
And the glimmer of golden arrows
Athwart the hazy gloom.
'Tis the smoke of the happy wigwams
That reddens our wintry sky;
The scent of unfading forests
That is dreamily floating by.

O, shadow of sister Summer!
Astray from the world of dreams,
Thou wraith of the bloom departed,
Thou echo of Springtide streams!
Thou moonlight and starlight vision
Of a day that will come no more,
Would that our love might win thee
To dwell on this stormy shore.

But the roaming Indian goddess
Stays not for our tender sighs—
She has heard the call of her hunters,
Beyond the sunset skies!
By her beaming arrows stricken,
The last leaves fluttering fall;
With a sigh and a smile she has vanished—
And darkness is over all.

OLD HICKORY'S EXPLOITS.

The Democratic Candidate of Just Fifty Years Ago.—"History is Philosophy Teaching by Example."

[Special Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.]

From the files of the *Olive Branch*, a five column weekly, published at Danville, the then Athens of Kentucky—to wit: in the years 1828-29 and 30—are to be gathered many curious facts that have, as sentiment or principles, projected themselves forward through half a century, and find their analogies in the present. They furnish a reason why Gov. Luke P. Blackburn rather rises than falls in the estimation of those of his constituents who assure themselves that he is identical with Dr. Luke P. Blackburn, termed familiarly in Canada "the yellow fever fiend." They clearly indicate why the charge of wholesale bribery and corruption, as developed in cipher dispatches, must endear such a candidate to the Southern Democracy. They demonstrate the fact that there is one attribute of character that, commending a man to the Southern Democracy, overshadowed all others so deeply as to hide not only every other virtue, but every crime in the calendar, of his committing. His reputation for physical bravery being established, every villainy he had committed served, by making him notorious, but to embellish it. They "hung like jewels in an Ethiop's ear"—they served but to give a sparkle and brilliancy to the tout ensemble. It is so to-day. It was by no means necessary that this physical courage should be accompanied by sound judgment, reasonable discretion, or decency. The manifestation of such courage was not of a character to render the individual sufficiently notorious—it was too rarely exhibited in brawls and murderous assaults. While the conditions to which the principles of Jacksonian Democracy applied have been swept away, and that party no longer exists, save upon the hopes of re-establishment that may lie among the ruins of those conditions; yet the questionable elements of individual greatness remain the same, and are valued as of yore. We venture to say that comparatively few of the young men of the North, and the born Democrats of the South between the ages of twenty and thirty, know as much as they should of the private characters of the men who struggled for eminence in the Democratic party in those days; know as much as they should of what commends a man to the favor of Southern Democracy now. With a view to their enlightenment, we begin with extracts from a letter published over the writer's signature in the issue of "*The Olive Branch*" dated July 19, 1828:

"In the third number of the *Tennessean* I have stated that there were other traits in the character of Gen. Jackson that would seem to me to render him unfit for the highest civil appointment within the gift of my country; and also in my fifth number I have said that his intemperate life and character had influenced me long since in forming an unfavorable opinion of the moral fitness of this individual. To convince the community that those assertions were not made without good reasons, I now design to add some reminiscences, or an extract from a catalogue of Gen. Jackson's juvenile indiscretions between the ages of twenty-three and sixty.

"1. Gen. Jackson's first essay at the Gainesborough bar in East Tennessee was to pick a quarrel with the late worthy and lamented Col. Evary. Jackson challenges him, and they fight with pistols. Both missed, and the affair was compromised.

"2. The General had but a short time resided in West Tennessee, near Nashville, before he had a rencounter with the late Lewis Roberts, who swore his life against him, and Jackson was bound over to keep the peace by Col. Robert Weakley, who is now living. Roberts had not then separated from the present Mrs. Jackson. (He forcibly took Roberts' wife away from him and married her, undivorced as is generally believed.) * * *

"3. Jackson becomes a member of the convention, where he had many personal disputes, particularly with his old friend Judge John McNairy, which lasted sixteen years, and was a sore conflict on both sides. The General's abuse of McNairy was most intolerable, but just before the last Presidential election came on all was compromised!! and yet the General says to the Rev. Dr. Ely that he has never been charged with hypocrisy.

"4. About the year 1797-8 Jackson sent a peremptory challenge to Col. Will Coke (an old man who was then, or afterward, a Senator in Congress) to fight with pistols. Compromised.

"5. Jackson is second to young A. Donelson, the Nephew of Mrs. Jackson, who fights with young Mr. Winston at the distance of six feet—neither of the boys over eighteen years old. Waller Taylor, since a Senator in Congress, was Winston's second, and knows that the General urged on the fight, and *would* fix the distance. The dispute was said to be about some act of gallantry. I forbear to make comments, but this has always appeared to me to be a blood-thirsty transaction.

"6. Jackson is the bearer of a challenge from young Thos. Overton, nephew of Judge Overton, to the late John Dickerson, Esq. They fight, and Overton is severely wounded. The General told Mr. Childress (a friend of Dickerson) just as they were starting to the field of battle, to call by the mechanic's shop and bespeak a coffin for Dickerson.

"7. Jackson is engaged in the most vindictive paper war with the late Gov. Sevier; they meet at Knoxville, where a most violent, abusive, and shameful controversy takes place. Hon. Sevier abuses Jackson and his wife before all the Legislature. Jackson challenges him; they don't agree about the place of fighting, and no battle ensues. Jackson follows Sevier around with his friend, Dr. Vandyke, forty miles, and draws his pistols on him, but no fighting after all.

"8. Jackson at the same time challenges the Governor's Secretary, the late Wm. Macklin, but they do not fight.

"9. The General turns racer, now about forty years of age. He makes a race with Dr. Purnell, a perfect Virginia gentleman. Jackson quarrels with and abuses him without measure.

"10. Jackson and Thos. Swan, of Virginia, differ on the race track. High and abusive language takes place. Swan challenges him, and he, for the fist time, refuses to fight, but tells Swan's friend, Mr. N. A. McNairy, to inform Mr. Swan that he would be in Nashville on Saturday and cane him. Accordingly Jackson appeared with several men. The moment Swan appeared at the dinner table, Jackson fell upon him with his stick. Swan threw him off into the fireplace. The General's friends soon relieved him, and then Jackson drew his big pistol and told Swan to defend himself. Swan replied that he was unarmed, and they were parted.

"11. The General and N. A. McNairy engage in a paper war, and in the end McNairy challenges him. They meet, but do not fight.

"12. Jackson engages in a quarrel with the late Charles Dickerson about a race. It becomes more violent, and they fight a duel in Kentucky. The general kills him; whether fairly or otherwise, the public will be enabled to judge by reading the following extracts from letters written by the late Dr. May, who was on the ground as Jackson's surgeon:

"NASHVILLE, Sept. 16, 1827.

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 10th I this moment received. I would advise Gen. Adair to write to some friend in Washington City and procure a statement from Dr. Catlett, who was Dickerson's second. If this fellow will come out like a man of truth and courage he will damn the reputation of Gen. Jackson as a man of honor at least, &c. * * *

"NASHVILLE, Sept. 17, 1827.

"DEAR SIR: Since writing my letter of yesterday, I can see no reason why Gen. A. must have any person's name; can't he give it as a well founded rumor? It was expressly stipulated that a snap should constitute a fire, but it unfortunately was not reduced to writing. The General denied having snapped, and said his d—d pistol had stopped at half bent. Dickerson did not see it. He must have thought Jackson reserved his fire, which he had a right to do. He did not look at Jackson, but turned his head sidewise after firing. * * *

"Yours, etc.,

FRANS. MAY.

"13. Jackson and the Bentons engage with pistols, dirks, and swords. Jackson's force is as six to two. Jackson fires at Col. Thos. H. Benton and misses. Benton returns the fire and Jackson is wounded badly in the arm. Whether the wound was inflicted by the Colonel or his brother Jesse I do not pretend to say, as both fired. Several of the General's party also engaged the Bentons. The Colonel is shot at again and struck on the head with a pistol, and Jesse is stabbed several times in the body severely.

"14. Jackson quarrels with Samuel Jackson, and runs him through the body with a sword cane.

"The foregoing is only a short extract from information sent me by my friends since I began to write and since the attack has been made on my character by the General's minions, although I had knowledge of most of them myself. The list in my possession has accemulated to nearly one hundred fights or violent and abusive quarrels. I think it unnecessary to add more comments.

"JAMES L. ARMSTRONG."

Comments are, indeed, unnecessary. In ordinary cases charity, perhaps, not justice, demands that the crimes and errors of the dead should be interred with their bones, there to remain until the judgement day; but where it seems necessary for the people's welfare that they should be resurrected for comparison with the present, it is justifiable. History is philosophy teaching by example, but if all the evil men do were excluded from that history, the philosophy would be one-sided and most pernicious. For a great villain, if he be a brave one, we are disposed to mingle some spice of admiration with our censure, but the solid South has been ever ready to regard such men as heroes, and their bloody records passports to the highest honors. Individual aggrandizement has always hamonized with that impulsive candor and reckless ambition which, although unscrupulous, has ever been unwise, and defeated its own ends. Old Hickory did not refrain from exercising powers not incident to his office, while Calhoun plotted to undermine the Constitution. The latter was a disintegrating Jacobin, the former Napoleonic in desire and aims. They clashed and neutralized each other. The Democratic party, however, accepted the heirloom left by Calhoun, and a secession war, led by the Catilines of America, was the result.

The same element now dominates in both houses of Congress, and the nation stands again in jeopardy of wild schemes that best adapt themselves to the ends of individual ambition and the disruption of the republic.

* * * *

Description of a Political Sam.

Don Piatt made a Republican speech at Worthington, Ohio, just before the late election, in which he gave the following description of a noted Greenback politician of that State. It fits others of the same ilk, and by reading it they can see themselves as others see them:

"The trouble with Samuel Fenton Cary is, that his existence was a casualty. He never was designed for any known purpose, and of consequeece appears among us as a very unnecessary man. I was requested, at Columbus, to answer a speech that he has been making for fifty years. [Laughter.] Sometimes it is thrown out in favor of temperance, sometimes in behalf of the late war, sometimes in support of a *morus multicaulus*, sometimes in favor of a monument to somebody, sometimes for one thing, and sometimes for another; but it is always the same agonizing howl, and always paid for. I respectfully declined, for that speech cannot be answered. I might as well be asked to reply to a steam whistle, a Chinese gong, or a bad smell. [Loud laughter, and cries of "That's so!"] I think Samuel Fenton Cary might be used to swell a procession, to act as a fire alarm, or a fog horn; but he always reminds me of a story told by the late Sidney Smith, who said that a farmer could always tell the number of a coming litter, by counting the teats provided by a kind nature for the approaching family of swine. The witty Sidney said that there was generally a teat for each pig. But sometimes, through an eccentricity of nature, one pig more appeared than had been provided for. In this case, the poor little piggy went fighting from teat to teat, driven off by the lawful possessor, until, driven by hunger and desperation, it would seize on the caudal appendage of the indifferent mother, and then suck and squeal, and squeal and suck, until exhausted nature found relief in death. In this way, Samuel Fenton Cary has come into this cruel world without design, and, of course, without provision; and he has gone fighting for a teat from party to party, until at last he has fastened on the tail end of the old Democratic swine, and there he squeals and sucks and sucks and squeals, until Divine Providence shall remove him to another and better world."

Union Battle Flags.

Look here, General Meily! The laws of Ohio provide that the regimental flags stored in the capitol shall, when duly applied for, be handed over to the regiments to which they belong, to be used at the reunions of such regiments, *and for no other purpose!* That is the law, General Meily. Now, how does it happen, respected sir, that, when the Twenty-third Ohio regiment, President Hayes' regiment, applied to you for the four flags which belonged to it, and which are under your custody in the capitol—how does it happen that only one of those four flags could be handed over, because the other three had been sent to Logan, O., to be used in a political procession gotten up in honor of Daniel W. Voorhees, one of the vilest copperheads and Confederate sympathizers that the North produced in the late war? General Meily, the Lincoln hirelings, as the Hon. Daniel Voorhees pleasantly referred to the Union soldiers—the Lincoln dogs, who should wear iron collars, to quote again from this same patriot, would like to have you rise and explain this matter at once. You have been written to by the secretary of the Twenty-third regiment, and you have failed to reply. Now it is proposed to have a little public conversation on the subject, and you are expected to be a conspicuous figure in the discussion.—*Cleveland Herald.*

FULLY EXPLAINED.—It is now beginning to dawn upon the world why the English were so anxious to secure Cetewayo alive. Ten to one he is that foreign nobleman to whom they are going to marry off Woodhull & Claflin, and thus complete the subjugation of the Zulu chief, and at the same time rid Great Britain of the two troublesome dames.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

IF Gen. Fremont doesn't earn his salary as Governor of Arizona, his wife, Jessie Benton Fremont, does for him. Mrs. Fremont has organized several classes in history among the grown sons and daughters of poor settlers, and is fast winning the semi-civilized over from the ways of barbarism into which they otherwise might drift.

THE WANING SUMMER.

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Under the maple trees lying supine,
Timing the beat of a pendulum vine,
Swinging the Delawares turning to wine.

Gazing straight upward a mile in the blue,
Watching a cloud that has nothing to do;
Wishing a deed for an acre or two;

Nothing to do but come down in the rain,
Borne of the mist into Heaven again,
Nothing to sow, and no reaping of grain!

Watching a bee in his pollen pant'oon,
Droning him home in the chrisolite noon,
Ghost of a drummer-boy, drumming a tune!

Counting the leaves as they drift from the rose,
Strewing with fragrance my place of repose;
Dying! ah, no, only changing its clothes!

Watching a spider pay out her fast line,
Working at Euclid's Geometry fine,
Web is all woven, and weaver will dine!

Watching a fly laze along to his doom,
Silken the meshes, but death in the boom,
Shrouded and eaten, but never a tomb!

Sparrow adrowse on a limb overhead,
Opens an eye when the spider is fed,
Opens a a bill, and the spider is dead!

Watching a butterfly slowly unfold,
Crowning a post with a blossom of gold,
Strange as the rod that did blossom of old.

Hinged on a life is the duplicate page,
Lettered in light by a wiser than sage,
Lasting a Summer, and read for an age.

Burst from the bonds! For that coffin was thine,
Tenantless thing, where the sycamores shine,
Riven and rent, and the worm is divine!

Born from the dust, and its veriest slave,
Hail to the herald direct from the grave!
Pinion of beauty, resplendently wave!

Bring from afar what no angel could say,
Something of them who have vanished away,
Left me alone on this amethyst day.

Rent is the chrysalis hid in the sod,
All the dear tenantry dwelling abroad,
Gone through the gate of the glory of God!

JIM BLAINE STORIES.

The Early Life of the Maine Senator in Lancaster, Ohio.

[Lancaster Correspondence Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

When Blaine was a boy, his mother, who was living in Washington County, Pa., sent him over here to go to school, and he lived in Senator Ewing's family, and slept with young Tom in the house next to Sherman's, on the corner. Tom and he were playmates and sworn friends, and stole apples together in the orchards that sit on the hills east of the Court House. Blaine lived here two years; was prepared for college at the Lancaster Academy, and when he left, entered Jefferson College, Pa., as a student. After graduating there, he drifted into Kentucky to teach school, and Kentucky gave him a very excellent wife. From Kentucky, he wandered off to Maine, as an editor, and became famous. When Blaine was here, "Cump" Sherman was at West Point, and John was a "big boy" at the academy.

I was wandering about town this evening, and met an old residenter. He was in his shirt sleeves, and bent over a cane. As I asked him a question about the Sherman place, he sat down to rest and wipe the perspiration out of the wrinkles of his face.

"Did you know John Sherman when he was a boy?" I asked.

"To be sure, to be sure," he said. "I've known the Shermans ever sence I know'd anybody, an' that's a long time."

"What sort of a boy was John?"

"He was a likely boy, but no one never 'spected he'd make so much on himself as he has. John was a quiet boy, and wasn't up to much sport; but 'Cump,' he was allers great on havin a good time. If I was to have picked any one of 'em out to have been a big man, I should ha' said Charley, who was a Jedge, and died not long ago in Cleveland. He was the likeliest of the lot."

"What kind of a man was their father, the old Judge?"

"Waal, he was allers a good deal starchy. John favors him more than the other boys. 'Cump' is more like his mother. She was a Stoddard, an' an excellent woman she was, too. She died when John was very young."

"How old were you when John was a young man here?"

"I was a man grown; I reckon I was fifteen years or so older than him."

"Which was liked the best here of the boys?"

"Waal, Cump was the favorite among the boys, but the grown folks thought well of John. He was a well-behaved boy, and Cump was allers up to all sorts o' scrapes. Sometimes folks thought that boy Cump would go to the bad, sure. It's amazin' how he has come up."

"Do you recollect Blaine, when he was a boy here?"

"To be sure; to be sure. I seen him here only last week, and I'd a known him ef I'd a seen him in Chiny. He was Jim Blaine all over. Jim was a wild boy, like Cump Sherman. How he did cut up!" said the old man, musing. "There's lots o' folks here who knows Jim Blaine, and he hain't been back here much, neither. And it was surprisin' the way Blaine knowed everybody he hadn't seen for years gone. Why, there was John Eggers; he used to run with Blaine. His folks lived alongside o' old man Ewing, and he and Blaine was allers together, like as two peas. Last week, John Eggers went down to the depot and walked up and says he to Blaine: 'Howdy do, Mr. Blaine; you're grayer than when I saw you last.' An' says Blaine, 'John Eggers, you old sinner, I know you;' and he didn't leave off shakin' hands for five minutes. Blaine hadn't seen John for more'n thirty years, yet he knew him the minute he set his eyes on his face, and they stood there and talked about what they used to do when they was boys, while all the folks was standin' around trying to shake hands with Blaine."

I find that Ewing is not at all popular here; his fellow townsmen do not regard him with the greatest confidence, and he will not poll so large a vote as some other candidate. The County, as I said, is largely Democratic, but there is no enthusiasm here, and Sherman will probably rob Ewing of enough votes to reduce by considerable the usual Democratic majority.

CURTIS.

A Remarkable Man.

In my travels a few days ago in Anson County, I met an old gentleman, a citizen of this State, and now living in Richmond County, who relates the following very interesting incidents of his life:

1. He was in the funeral procession when Gen. Washington was buried.
2. Was a pall-bearer at the funeral of Gen. Andrew Jackson.
3. Was a waiter at the marriage of Gen. Stonewall Jacksons wife's father.
4. Accompanied Gen. Lafayette through the State when he was there.
5. Spent a day with Daniel Webster in Richmond on one occasion.
6. Also one with Washington Irving.
7. Was the founder of the old Fayetteville *Observer*.
8. Listened to his son (now one of the most distinguished lawyers in the land,) who made a speech to Lafayette when he was only five years old.
9. Was baptised by the first Superintendent of the North Carolina University before it was a college.
10. Was acquainted with the first graduate, Hinton Gains.
11. Knew the first graduate of West Point.
12. Kept the post office in Fayetteville, forty years in succession.
13. Is nearly ninety years old.
14. Never was intoxicated but once in his life.
15. Retains his hearing well.
16. Feels himself now near the gates of death, but has a well-grounded hope of immortality and eternal life.

Can any one who reads this tell his name?—*Charlotte Obserrer.*

"D. BOONE cilled A Bar on Tree in the year 1760," is inscribed on an old beech tree in Tennessee, near Jonesboro. The centennial of the old tree has just been formally celebrated.

SEEING PRESIDENT HAYES ABOUT A SCHOOL HOUSE.

Yesterday afternoon there was one man in the crowd around the City Hall, who said he must have a personal interview with the President, if it broke his suspenders. He had come twenty-eight miles in a lumber wagon, on purpose to see the "old man," and have him settle a neighborhood dispute regarding the location of a school house.

"You see," he explained to an interested knot of listeners, "the Thomas crowd are bound and determined to locate the school house down there by the Widder Hull's, which is the worst place on the hull road, while the rest of us want it up on the Jackson Hill, which is airy and salubrious, and handy to two creeks and a mill pond. The Thomas crowd are cracking their heels just now, and they think they've got the bulge on us, but I rather think if the President of the great United States decides in favor of the hill, the school house will be planted there. It's a little dodge of mine to see him. The Thomas crowd don't even suspect what I'm up to, and when I reach home to-night there'll be wailing and gnashing of teeth, and don't you recollect it!"

There were men in the crowd who sympathized with him, and were willing to secure him an interview. It took only about ten minutes to so arrange matters that the school house man was walked around to the southern entrance of the hall, and introduced to ex-Coroner Cahill, who looks as near like Hayes as one pea resembles another. The "President" bowed, shook hands, and with a kindly smile, inquired:

"Well, Mr. Slammer, what can I do for you? Don't be afraid to speak right out; I used to wear old clothes, and carry a red nose myself, and I am ready to sympathize with you."

Mr. Slammer winced a little at this personal allusion, which was responded to by a horse laugh from the little crowd, but he soon got his breath, and began:

"Well, you perhaps don't know the Thomas crowd?"

"Yes, I do—you bet I do!" responded the President, and they are a mighty good crowd of boys, too."

"They—are—eh?" slowly inquired Mr. Slammer. "Why, I don't think so."

"I can't help what you think," bluntly replied the President, as he cocked his hat on his ear. "I tell you, the boys are all right, and I'll bet on 'em every time. You can't give me no wind on that crowd—no, sir!"

"Then—then you've heard about that school house trouble, eh?" gasped Mr. Slammer.

"Yes, I have, and you've got to come right down off the roost! That school house is going to be built down by the Widow Hull's, and don't you forget it!"

"What! down thar' in the holler?"

"Yes, sir—that's the place for it; can't get me to favor putting any school house on your infernal old hill."

"Waal, Mr. President, I'm sorry that—"

"Sorry be hanged!" interrupted the "Chief Magistrate" in a gruff voice. What do I care how sorry you are?"

"Why—why—?"

"Don't you why at me, sir—don't you do it! Although I'm the President of the United States, I'll allow no man to why at me!"

"Why—!"

"You villain!" roared the executive, as he made a grab for Mr. Slammer's collar, but Mr. Slammer stepped back about ten feet at that moment, and was hustled around the corner.

"Well?" inquired one of the party, as they came to a halt.

"Waal, I'll be durned!" hoarsely whispered Mr. Slammer. "Why, hang it, I not only got bilked on the school house business, but come mighty near gettin' blazes knocked out of me."

"Something wrong, somewhere," sighed one of the jokers.

"I'll tell you what it is," replied Mr. Slammer, striking his finger down at every word—"he's been sawn! Some o' that Thomas crowd has got in ahead of me, and cut all the wheat!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW NEGROES ARE HUNTED.

A Participant in the Hamburg Massacre Illustrates the Chase with Fox Hounds.

John Thomas Butler, of Hamburg, S. C., has brought to New York a pack of hounds, with which he proposes to show the manner in which runaway slaves were formerly hunted, and convicts are still pursued, in the South. He asserts that an exaggerated impression prevails at the North respecting the cruelty of this practice, and his exhibitions are intended to make money and also to illustrate his claim that the purpose of using the hounds is simply to find and detain the fugitives, without injuring them. He has brought with him a negro named "Sam," who is willing to play the runaway, and a sturdy little sorrel mare, whose speed is to give him an advantage over the hounds. A *Tribune* reporter accepted an invitation to inspect the pack before the exhibition, and approached, with trepidation, the stable where they were confined. On entering, he found himself, to his surprise, in the midst of a dozen long-headed playful fox hounds. "Why," said he, "these are not blood hounds." "They are as near to it as we have in South Carolina," said Mr. Butler. "What do you call them?" "We call them 'nigger' dogs, or fox dogs. They are the same that were formerly used to catch fugitive slaves, and no huge, savage blood hounds, such as you have heard about, can be found down there. I wanted to travel a little, and brought these dogs along, to pay my expenses, and to show all at the North that we are not so bad as we are said to be."

"Sam" mounted the mare, and rode down the hill on which the spectators sat, to the judges' stand in Fleetwood Park, where he dismounted and started to run at a pace that would win him a place in a short distance foot race. He ran about a quarter of a mile just inside the race track, and then rushed in behind some bushes. Mr. Butler called his hounds by sounding an old cow-horn, and started them in pursuit by a kind of "cat-call." Catching the scent quickly, they followed, baying loudly, and were lost to sight. The negro reappeared from the bushes, and running quickly to the fence, remounted the mare and galloped around the course. The dogs came behind at a considerable distance, taking his exact course, but when they came to where the negro had remounted, they were puzzled. In trying to recover the scent, they got across the former trail, and gave up the hunt. Mr. Butler had said, before the trial, that the high wind and dry ground would make it difficult to give a satisfactory exhibition on that day. "Sam" then came up with the pack, and again started, mounted from the beginning this time, with the pack at his heels, and an exciting chase took place around the course, with odds in favor of the mare. Reaching the gate, "Sam" consented to be "treed," and mounting the high gate-post, awaited the hounds. When they found him, they redoubled their noise, and leaped high into the air, trying to reach the negro, who beat them off with his whip, until Mr. Butler came up and sounded his horn, at which the barking ceased as by magic, and the fugitive came down. Mr. Butler said the dogs would have bitten the negro, well as they knew him, had he descended before the horn sounded, unless he had a club with which to beat them off. The moral seemed to be, that a runaway slave must be careful to have a tree handy when the dogs overtake him, or, if he is caught in a swamp, he should be able to cut a hickory stick in season.

J. T. Butler was prominent in connection with the Hamburg massacre, in 1876, but he is not a relative of Gen. M. C. Butler, whose name has also been connected with that affair. He declined to talk about it, not seeing the use of "bringing up that matter again." He is a young man of twenty-five, of pleasant manners. His father had both slaves and dogs, and on one occasion tracked a man three hundred miles, and brought him back. Mr. Butler expects to exhibit his dogs in other parts of the country, and in Europe.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A WOMAN was recently dragged under a railroad train at Newcastle, England, and killed, in consequence of shaking hands with a friend at a car window, as a train moved out.

JOSEPH COOK made $500 from his "Monday Lectures," last Winter. It takes a Yankee to make money out of nothing.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A PERSONAL ROW.

[A Northern Democrat Explains the Cause of Shooting and Hanging in the South.]

O, yaas! Ther is hangin' and shootin';
But politics hasn't a thing
To do with it, spite of the tootin'
And howls of the Radekle Ring.
Just steddy each case for a minute,
Onprejudiced, and you'll see how
They come to begin it,
And who mixes in it—
It's allus a personal row!

This Dixon! Yazooans couldn't suit 'im;
They waited upon 'im, one day,
And promised they never would shoot 'im,
If he would keep out of the way,
All votes and all offices shunnin';
But he, with an obstinate vow,
Insisted on runnin',
And so they went gunnin'—
'Twas merely a personal row!

Jedge Chissom? Yaas; He wuz another!
He voted with niggers, they say,
And foolishly said he hed ruther
Git killed 'n to vote t'other way.
Some two hundred Southerners caught him—
The odds wuz immense, I allow—
They hustled and got 'im
To jail, and then shot 'im—
'Twas only a personal row!

That Pos'master Nix? Wall, th' trigger,
It hastened the business fer him,
Fer Luther White won't hev no nigger
Distribbit no letters fer him.
It wasn't the Democrats slew him,
(But darkeys don't count, anyhow);
A bullet whizzed through 'im—
When Luther spoke to 'im—
'Twas plainly a personal row!

What's that? You imagine it's curous
That darkeys is allus the ones
To git killed? Not at all! They are furous,
An' git right in front of the guns!
They madden the scout and the ranger;
But if they votes with us, I trow,
And not with the stranger,
They won't be in danger
Of havin' a personal row!

There'd be no occasion to grumble,
And personal rows would be through,
If Radekles Sonth would be humble,
And vote ez the gentlemen do!
If black and white niggers wuz willin'
To vote ez ther masters vote now,
'Twould end all the spillin'
Of blood, and the killin',
And heal every personal row!

HISTORY OF TAMMANY.

The Chicago *Times'* New York correspondent gives the following history of this famous organization:

The Tammany society, which, according to the strict legal effect of its operations, controls only the building in which the Tammany meetings, whether of the general committee or the city and county Conventions of the Democratic masses, are held, is a private political incorporated club, which was formed May 12, 1789, in the third week after Washington took his oath of office as President of the United States on the balcony of the old city hall in the city of New York. Various earlier societies, however, had used the names of Sons of St. Tammany and Sons of Liberty during the revolution.

Its Indian name, and its adoption at first of Indian costumes and ceremonies, and of official names, such as Sachem, Sagamore and Wishinskie, were designed, as its constitution of 1789 expresses it, "to connect in indissoluble bonds of friendship American brethren of known attachment to the political rights of human nature and the liberties of the country." There was a flavor of native Americanism in its preference for "American" brethren, caused partly perhaps, by the fact that the propositions which looked most like a leaning toward monarchial forms, such as the election of a President and senate for life, and the election of governors of the several states by Congress, had originated with Hamilton, who was of foreign birth. The more anti-Democratic principles of the day found expression in a previous and rival society, called the society of the Cincinnati, which had an organization in several of the States. The name Tammany, or Tammanend, was that of an Indian chief, of mythical renown, said by some to be of the Iroquois, and by others a Delaware of the Lenni-Lenappe confederacy. Some of the early poets of the Tammany society invented, concerning the chief, a story that he had thirteen tribes, a number that felicitously corresponded with the number of States then in the Union. On leaving the mto make a tour through Mexico and Peru, much on the plan of Grant's tour of the world, the chief addressed his children of the thirteen tribes, commending each tribe to the tutelage of some patron animal; one to the eagle, another to the tiger, the deer, the buffalo, the dog, the beaver, the squirrel, the fox, the tortoise, the eel, the bear, and the bee, in each of which the chief is made to discover rare political virtues. To show its contempt even for that portion of foreign manners which the colonists had of necessity brought with them from the effete monarchies of Europe, the society, in its correspondence, dropped the Christian era, and the terms, years and months, and for the purpose of its correspondence divided the years into seasons of bloom, fruits hunting, and snows, and the seasons into moons. In the records of the society, any event in the history of the society would be chronicled as transpiring at "Manhattan, season of fruits," or as the case might be, with the day of the moon, and with the year dating from the discovery of America, from its independence, and from the institution of the Tammany society. In its origin the society was not in any modern sense, "Democratic." In 1789, of its sixteen officers, fourteen ranked as Federalists. The society was simply patriotic and national, as against all foreign influences and ideas; incidentally it cultivated fraternity with the Indian tribes, and on one occasion, by receiving a delegation of Creek Indians, in full Indian costume, every member of the society wearing paint, feathers, moccasins and leggins, and sporting a huge war club and burnished tomahawk, so won upon the hearts of the red men as to influence a treaty of peace which would not otherwise have been made.

During the years from 1806 to 1812, the Tammany society, under the leadership of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, De Witt Clinton, who began as the scribe of Tammany, but was afterwards bitterly opposed by it, Daniel D. Thompkins and Chancellor Livingston, Gov. Broome, Hugh Maxwell, Major Noah, and others, assumed its Democratic position principally by enthusiastically supporting the war of 1812. From this time forward the society became strictly partizan, and virtually controlled the elections in the city of New York, and distributed its patronage from that period to the present time.

They have Quit Trying to Tell Blaine About Ohio.

Blaine made a great impression in Ohio. The Ohio man wanted to post him on Ohio questions, to prevent him from bursting with ignorance upon Ohio points concerning which a man on the Ohio stump ought to be posted, but with what result? A correspondence says: In conversation with Ohio men anxious to fill the great Senator with information about the State, and after he has corrected their statements for awhile, he goes on talking about Ohio matters, mentioning incidently, as matters of general knowledge, the total value, for instance, of the wheat crop in Ohio in 1865, or the revenue from whisky in Hamilton county in 1870, or the vote of a certain county on a certain question in 1835, or the total population in 1841, and all sorts of items in the family history of great Ohio men and in our political history, etc., not one of which things the Ohio men could have told to save their souls; and they begin to look at each other shamefully, and quit trying to tell Blaine all about Ohio."—*Chicago Times.*

SPEAKER Randall is here. He is greatly disappointed at the result in Ohio, and in alluding to the news of Ewing's defeat said: "Things seem to have set in for the Republicans, and I don't see how we are going to stop it."—*Washington Dispatch in St. Louis Republican.*

A portion of the marriage ceremony of a colored couple in Alabama consisted in stripping both groom and bride and giving them forty and twenty lashes each. It was regarded as a part of the regular proceedings, and submitted to without a murmur.

THE Corliss engine, which so many people saw at the Centennial, is now used to run the branch mint at San Francisco.